

The Poet's Little Joke.

An Arab king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory any poem which he had once heard. He had, too, a mamluke who could repeat a poem that he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice. Whenever a poet came to compliment the king with an ode, the king would promise him that if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money equal in weight to what they were written upon.

The poet, delighted, would recite his ode; and the king would say, "It is not new, for I have known it some years." Then he would repeat it as he had heard it. After that he would add, "And this mamluke also remembers it," and the mamluke would repeat it. To make the proof seem plainer still the king would then say to the poet, "I have also a female slave who can repeat it," and on his ordering her to do so she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard; so the poet would go empty handed away. Dr. E. W. Lane, in "Arabian Society in the Middle Ages," gives the story of a poet who outwitted this king:

The famous poet, El-Asmai, having heard of this proceeding, and guessing the trick, composed an ode made up of very difficult words, and disguising himself, went to the palace and presented himself.

He repeated his ode. The king, perplexed, and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the mamluke, but he had, too, retained nothing. Then he called the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word.

"O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "thou has spoken truth, and the ode is true without doubt. Produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised."

"Wilt thou," said the poet, "send one of the attendants to carry it?"

"To carry what?" asked the king. "Is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?"

"No, my lord the sultan," replied the poet. "At the time I composed it there was not a piece of paper near me upon which to write it, but only a slab of marble and it lies in the court of the palace."

He had brought it, wrapped up, on the back of a camel. The king, to fulfil his promise, was obliged to make a heavy drain upon his treasury; and to prevent a repetition of the experience, in future rewarded his poets more justly.

TAKE A MOTHER'S WORD.

Thousands of mothers in all parts of Canada have written to say that Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine they have ever used for the cure of the little ills that afflict all children. It is impossible to publish all these letters, for they would more than fill a newspaper, but the following extracts are a fair sample of what all mothers say about this medicine:

Mrs. Jas. Hopkins, Tobermory, Ont.—"The Tablets are a blessing to both mother and child."

Mrs. John Dobbie, St. Andrews East, Que.—"I consider it my duty to recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all my friends who have children."

Mrs. A. Burns, Minitonas, Man.—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets do all you claim for them."

Mrs. F. J. Como, New Brandon, N. B.—"The Tablets are just the thing for children; they make them well, cheerful and happy."

Mrs. H. H. Pitts, Ashnola, B. C.—"I have found the Tablets a most satisfactory medicine for children. I always keep them in the house."

Mrs. A. W. Higgins, North River, N. S.—"I cannot praise the Tablets too much. They are the best medicine for children I have ever used."

You can take the words of these mothers with every confidence, and you have a positive guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. No other medicine gives a similar guarantee. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Exit the Comic Valentine.

No product of the nineteenth century will be less regretted than the "comic" valentine. Of course, it has not yet entirely disappeared, and probably never will, but nothing was more noticeable in this year's observance of St. Valentine's day than the absence of all but a few scattered examples of the old caricatures and doggerel. This circumstance has been commented on in so many different cities as to show beyond a doubt that there is a general movement. In the large cities the "comic" valentine could never really thrive, and its sale was of necessity confined chiefly to little dingy shops in side streets. But in the small towns or the country no one was exempt, and the "prominent and progressive men" approached the breakfast table a little anxiously on February 14. To whom must credit be given for the disappearance of this lineal descendant of the pasquinades? There is reason to assign the honor to the valentine makers themselves, a much maligned crew. The fact is they have made three kinds of valentines grow where only two grew before. Midway between the lovely creations of lace and paper cupids and the "comics" are now to be found in the shops specimens of a much better type of humor. Every one has seen the whimsical sight drafts on the Bank of

Live, the Australian ballot for an election in the "Borough of Admiration, City of Love," and the objects pasted on printed cards to piece out such sentences as "I am your [match]." Is it not plausible to suppose that the writers of comics, some of whom, by the way, are men of college education, rebelled at writing all day long about "beery fakes" and "mashers" and "grafting cops," and demanded less offensive work for part of the day at least? If so, it was an unhealed and unrecorded strike, but one in which hundreds of thousands of people had a "third party" interest more intimate and tender than in the supply of anthracite coal.

Just For Balt.

A sharp eyed young man was walking listlessly past the hack stand in the northwest of Washington the other day, says the Star of that city, when, as he was passing an old, dilapidated, closed carriage, to which a sleepy-looking, bony horse was attached, he gave a slight start. There on the back seat of the old hack was a big, rusty-looking wallet. From the wallet the shrewd-looking young man glanced quickly at the drowsy-looking driver.

"Hey!" called the young man, placing his hand on the hack door. "How much'll you charge to drive me as fast as you can to the Pennsylvania station?"

"Seventy-five cents, sub, fo' a fas' drive."

"All right!" called the young fellow, and he pulled open the hack door and stepped in. "Take me down there as quick as you can."

"All right, sub," said the driver, and he urged his poor old horse to a pace of three miles an hour.

At the station the shrewd-eyed young man, wearing a very disgusted expression, stepped to the pavement. He thrust his hand into his pocket and produced three quarters, which he handed to the driver, giving him a suspicious glance. But the negro looked as innocent as a lamb as he took the silver and thanked his fare.

When the shrewd-looking young man was well around the corner, the driver alighted from his seat and looked into the hack. The rusty old wallet was lying wide open on the floor. The darky broke into a chuckle as he picked up the wallet and thrust it into his inside pocket. Then he murmured half-aloud as he climbed back to his seat:

"Dey's lots of 'em. I done heard a man say one is bo'n ev'y minute. I reckon it's so. Git ap, yo' hoss!"

Half an hour later the hack was at its old stand. The black driver was again apparently dozing on his seat, and the big, comfortable, rusty wallet was again in full view on the back seat.

He Had Reformed.

He was rather convivial, and his wife remonstrated with him, so he promised her faithfully that he would reform.

It would have been all right if his pals had not heard of it.

"So Brown has reformed, has he? Humph! we'll see."

They saw him in procession. First he met one chum, then another, and it never dawned upon him that it was a conspiracy.

The first night that he reached home after he made that promise to his wife it was very late, or, rather, it was very early—in fact, it was early morning.

He took off his boots, managed to hang his hat up, and walked softly into the room where his wife slumbered.

So far all was good. He divested himself of his coat, and just as he was hanging it unsteadily on the towel-horse his wife woke up.

"Why, John!" she exclaimed, "what on earth are you getting up so early for?"

This was a poser, but John was equal to the occasion.

"Tha's all ri'," he said; "you k—k—know I've 'formed, Mary, an' there's lots of peoplesh I've got to see early in th' mornin'."

And he deliberately put on his coat and boots, found his hat, and went out again, while Mrs. B. turned over with a fiendish chuckle and went to sleep again.

"Extra Choice."

Harold and Fred, the two young sons of a Boston man, have found themselves falling into the reprehensible habit of using some rather vulgar slang words, and on one or two occasions when under extreme provocation they had used terms that some people would classify with real "cuss words." These words had popped out under peculiarly aggravating circumstances, but the boys were manly enough to want to steer clear of the vulgar and ungentlemanly habit of swearing, therefore the elder of them said to his brother,—

"I'll tell you what let's do, Fred,—let's fine ourselves every time we use slang or 'swear' words"

Fred agreed to this and his brother said,— "Well, then, supposing we agree that we'll have to put a cent into mother's charity-box every time we say 'gee,' and two cents every time we say 'gosh,' and—let me see, how much ought we to pay for 'thunder'?"

"Oh, four cents, perhaps," said Fred, and then he added, "but I know some words that are worth a quarter; don't you?"— Morris Wade, in the March Lippincott's.

The German Emperor and Relligion.

The German Emperor has now been exploding in a theological direction, and by his apparent heterodoxy has caused deep concern to theologians and pastors, who petition for reassurance. The reassurance which the Emperor vouchsafes is that he believes in "an Old Testament to be positively and substantially modified under the influence of research through inscriptions and excavations." With this the orthodox appear to be satisfied, though it seems strange that an inspired volume should be liable to modification by the result of archaeological research. Too much, however, must not be exacted of an Emperor. Some time ago, the "Assassin" of Constantinople, having repeatedly, to the disgust and horror of Christendom, steeped himself in Armenian blood, the German Emperor went to Constantinople, and for a diplomatic object threw himself into the arms of the "Assassin." Somewhat later the robber powers, Germany among them, having made a buccaneering raid on China, and the hapless Chinese having made a feeble resistance, the German Emperor, sending forth his soldiery to the scene of slaughter, told them not to leave a Chinaman who could stand alive. It did not appear that on either of these occasions the Christian pastors and theologians of Germany showed any misgivings about the religious principles of their monarch.

A Remarkable Movement.

Rev. Mr. Barr's emigration project has reached such proportions that he has asked the Dominion Government to reserve forty additional townships for the British colony, and offers to pay entry fees for the colonist at once and locate them within six months. He has secured strong financial support, having on deposit half a million pounds sterling at his immediate disposal. This request will involve a concession from the Dominion Government of more than two million acres of land. This emigration movement to Canada from Great Britain is most remarkable, occurring, as it does, at a time when the South African mine owners are powerless to attract workmen, and Rhodesia remains a land of undeveloped resources.

Violet—"Do you think a lady would smoke a cigarette?" Daisy—"Not if it's the only one a man has."—Harvard Lampoon.

Bill—"Why do they call it Cripple Creek, do you suppose?" Jill—"Perhaps, because the water is limpid."—[Yonkers Statesman.

BORN.

TOMPKINS.—At Bristol, on February 28th, to the wife of H. M. Tompkins, a daughter.

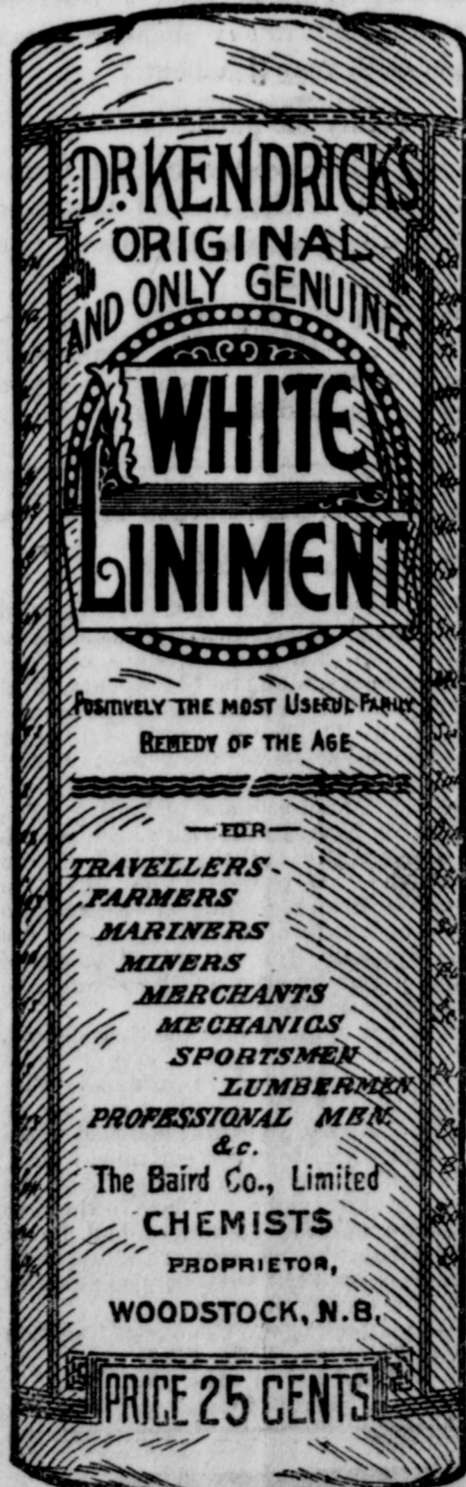
DIED.

WILLIAMS.—On Monday the 2nd of March, Lucy Ann widow of the late George F. Williams Esq., in the 90th year of her age. Funeral Wednesday afternoon at half past two o'clock, from the residence of R. E. Holyoke.

MARRIAGE LICENSES AND WEDDING RINGS.

Marriage Licenses issued and Wedding Rings sold, guaranteed as stamped U. S. assay, at

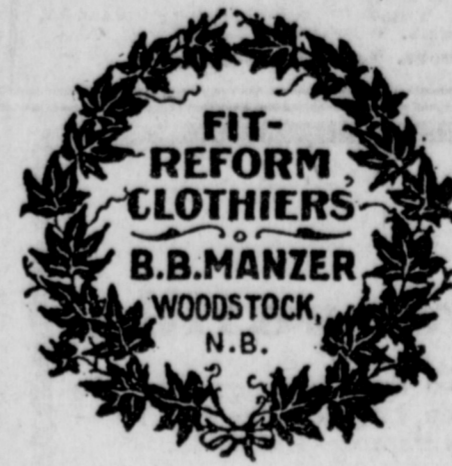
W. B. JEWETT'S. JEWETT'S CORNER, WOODSTOCK.



FIT-REFORM

"Like the first man" might be termed the "ADAM" amongst men of Tailor Made Garments, Ready-to-Wear in Canada.

—First in the field, It has no Connection with other makers, who oft times borrow the wings of



FIT REFORM and attempt to fly under its plumes.

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The 'Favorite' Churn.

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This Churn has both foot and lever drive, improved bolted trunions, steel roller bearings. It is built of very best selected English oak. Works so easy a child can operate it. It is the best Churn made and has a larger sale than all other churns combined. Sold only by us and our regular agents.

Balmain Bros.

March 4, 1903.

At Church on Easter Sunday



Every man not only wants to look his best, but if possible better than any other man. If you have your Easter Suit, Overcoat, or Trousers made by NICHOLSON, you will have no reason to regret any detail of your personal appearance, as the style and fit of your garments will be unsurpassed. We are securing a larger direct importation of seasonable goods, which we will make up in the most artistic style.

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